

OUR DUMB Animals

OCTOBER
1958

SHARE AND
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MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY
for the
PREVENTION of CRUELTY
to ANIMALS
and the
AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Photo by G. P. Dalton





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Labor of Love

A SHORT time ago a member of our Society said to us, "It must be difficult to operate a Society these days faced as you are with constant increases in costs, especially in salaries!"

We wish we could have told our good member that the modest salaries of our employees had kept pace with the present cost of living — but we had to explain that we could only do the best possible under the circumstances and still continue our many-fold services for animals — and even that is only possible because of the continued interest and devotion of our members and friends who, like our employees, are moved by the same feeling and attitude toward our animal friends.

Working for Humane Societies and S.P.C.A.'s is really a "labor of love."

Some people are born to be artists, lawyers or skilled artisans — and some would seem to be born humane workers. They possess an infinite kindness and understanding of all animals and a strong, unseen bond exists between them.

In our day, we have known brilliant minds and magnificent characters who could have earned many times what humane societies paid them — but who could be happy nowhere but in a society for the protection of animals. We have known many others who willingly risked life and limb to rescue some unfortunate creature — did it, not for glory or publicity, but because it had to be done!

A labor of love, indeed — these noble workers in all parts of the country deserve our gratitude and appreciation. They are truly able servants in a noble cause.

E. H. H.



There were two of the largest yellow eyes I'd ever seen staring at me.

With a pitiful meow, Tibbie leapt from her perch, and with a startled yell from me, we raced each other to the door.

About ten-thirty that night I heard Tibbie demanding dinner. I went to the door, but only the empty night greeted me. I set her food on the concrete block, which had served her as a dining table for the past ten years—and waited. My guest refused to come into the open. I heard only a few frightened meows from somewhere in the yard.

The next morning, the dish was empty, but there was no sign of my feline boarder.

Several days passed without my seeing Tibbie. She would demand dinner the same time every evening, but always hid until I was back in the house.

One Saturday morning, as I worked in the yard, I saw Tibbie. I figured it was Tibbie, although what I had pictured that first night as a huge black monster was actually a small, reddish black cat with the face of a kitten.

I called to her, but she meowed coyly and darted behind the house. A few minutes later she stuck her head around the corner of the house, meowed loudly once and disappeared for the remainder of the day.

Sunday morning, I went outside for the paper and beheld a sight I shall never forget.

There was Tibbie, sitting on the patio wall, giving me the once-over. I spoke cheerfully to her and waited for a reaction. Just then a mockingbird swooped down from the tree, its wing touching Tibbie.

I waited for Tibbie to take up the chase. She didn't. Tibbie let out a mournful cry, jumped from the wall and ran down the driveway. The mockingbird was the pursuer and poor 'fraidy cat the pursued.

Tibbie managed to duck the bird and ran back to me. She crouched behind my legs and meowed.

Since that time Tibbie and I have become great pals. She still runs from birds, dogs and other cats; but now Tibbie will stand on all fours, her back slightly arched and meow angrily at her tormentors. This scolding is done, quite naturally, from behind the protection of my legs.

'Fraidy Cat

By J. Stewart

MY first meeting with Tibbie was frightening: for me and for Tibbie. I had been told by the landlady when we rented the house that Tibbie was part of the bargain.

Late the first evening I went into the garage to store some empty boxes. In the eerie half-light I looked on one of the shelves. There were two of the largest yellow eyes I'd ever seen staring at me.

My Cat's Nine Lives

By Robert M. Salter

I HAVE never disputed the saying "a cat has nine lives," but frankly I never believed it. That is, until Dumbelle became the family cat. Dummy, as we called him, was so named by my eight-year-old sister, because she thought the cat was so smart. Turned out she was right.

During the next nine years, this handsome black-striped cat, half coon-cat and half unknown extraction, proceeded to prove he had nine lives, or, if you prefer, nine vocations. As a kitten, Dummy's curious ways attracted a neighborhood amateur photographer. Both photographer and model became professionals with a series of pictures published in a daily newspaper showing the kitten investigating a pumpkin at Halloween. Dummy took his share of the profits in fish and catnip mice.

As Dummy developed, so did his instinctive lives as a hunter, watchman, and fighter. Like most cats, he excelled in chasing mice. As a hunter, he was hired (again working by the meal) by a neighbor who raised chickens. His talents as a watchman were enlisted one evening by a local drugstore owner to guard the premises against mice. Dummy's boxing record is obscure, but occasionally he would squabble with his neighbors, "Red" next door and "Butch" across the street.

Dummy became quite a connoisseur of milk, and could tell you in an instant when your hand changed the brand name. He would strut away unmoved by your pleas that "Red" and "Butch" rave about this particular milk.

Throughout his life Dummy was the family entertainer. He was always clowning and doing antics when friends visited the family, and would follow a string around the room for anybody. Often he would sit up with the late reader or watch late shows on TV.

One night after we had all retired he became the family hero. When I responded to his loud cries, I found him sitting in the kitchen staring at a blazing waste basket, probably set afire by a careless smoker. After I dowsed the fire, Dummy

quietly walked away to find sleep.

When Dummy was five, a puppy found a home with us, and our cat's eighth life soon developed—as Dummy, the teacher. The puppy (dusty was her color and Dusty we named her) was a vigorous student. Under the expert tutoring of Dummy she soon learned such things as the art of washing her face, stalking and expelling backyard intruders, and how to show respect for her elders. Even when a grown dog, Dusty displayed this acquired respect for her elder and teacher. For example, she always allowed Dummy to eat first at their joint supper table located under the stove.

One summer day Dummy left us peacefully in his sleep; ironically, he was nine years old when he died. It is now that Dummy's ninth life is most clearly felt. He was a friend, a true friend, whether close or away. Today he is thought of by Dusty, who in remembrance to his teacher friend, allows no intruder save "Red" and "Butch" to roam where once was Dummy's domain.

Now as I look back on the lives Dummy led as a model, hunter, watchman, fighter, connoisseur of milk, entertainer, hero, teacher, and a friend, I know my little sister was right. He was no dummy.



The first of Dummy's lives was as a photographer's model.



Wonder what the neighbors had for dinner.

Mr. Blue Picks a Fight

By Ina Louez Morris

THANKSGIVING had come and gone. In back yards all over the neighborhood, family pets were enjoying the last of the feast.

Our dogs and cats had fared as well as most animals, but Mr. Blue, who is a trifle on the gluttonous side, wasn't satisfied with our leftovers; he wanted more of the same and set out to appease his appetite.

One had only to look at his ears to know how well he was succeeding. He'd come home dripping with gravy, usually with some friend, turned foe, in hot pursuit. There'd follow a session of wrangling in our front yard, which I suspect included such name-calling as, "Thief" and "Bone-snatcher!"

Twice, it appeared that Fella, the Martin's pointer, who is twice as large and fully ten years younger than Mr. Blue, meant to teach our dog a lesson in ethics, and twice a brawl was averted by Sheila, the neighborhood peacemaker. Apparently, the cats acted before Sheila could interfere, because the scratches on Mr. Blue's nose certainly didn't get there by themselves.

Incident followed incident until finally, Mr. Blue carried his pilfering too far. He was coming home at a fast clip, his head concealed in the skeleton of a turkey, when I first noticed him. Chicken and turkey bones are taboo where he is concerned, and no sooner had he entered the yard, than I seized his prize and lay it on the tractor. Later I meant to dispose of it in the incinerator, but at the moment, I had other things to do.

Mr. Blue stood for a moment weighing his chances of retrieving the bones, and apparently deciding the jump was too high for him, turned tail and trotted down the road.

In a little while he was back with what looked like a well-gnawed bone. This, apparently, was the property of Fella, for no sooner had Mr. Blue entered the driveway, than Fella cut across the lawn in an attempt to head him off. Behind Fella, came the Drennan's brown and white Sporty, nursing his chronic grudge and ready to add his meager weight to the fray in case Fella needed assistance.

Mr. Blue, finding himself wedged between the tractor and the fence, with Sporty at his rear and Fella barring further progress, took a firm grip on the ham bone, spread his legs and waited for the pointer to make the next move.

But getting back to the turkey bones I'd thoughtlessly left on the tractor. Pumpkin was the first to discover them. Then Junior, and finally, Stinko. Maybe the sight of the kitten, Stinko, who was crunching bones at a great rate despite Pumpkin's growls, gave Junior courage. Whatever it was, he edged in and took a bite.

That did it. With a screech and flattened ears, Pumpkin flew at Number One son, caught him around the neck in a flying tackle and bore him to the ground directly in front of the pugnacious Fella. At that minute, Stinko caught his head in the bare carcass and backing away, dropped with anything but grace on top of his fuming relatives.

What was left of the turkey presumably belonged to Sporty, for he left off growling at Mr. Blue, and crawling under the tractor and wading head-high through yellow cats, grabbed his bones. He was backing away when Pumpkin stopped him.

The problem as Sporty probably saw it, was not so much a matter of protecting his property, as of saving his skin, and he tore into Pumpkin with his three good teeth. The second Sporty dropped the carcass, Junior and Stinko fell upon it, slapping at one another with bared claws.

During the melee, Mr. Blue had backed to open ground with Fella stalking him, slowly but determinedly. I caught up the broom. If Fella carried out his threats, Mr. Blue would have more than scratches to show for his thievery. I shouted, I threatened. With the straw end of the broom, I tried to prevent mayhem and accomplished, I'm sorry to say, absolutely nothing.

"All right, you asked for it," I said, and ran to attach the hose to the faucet.

Before I could turn on the water, Sheila, who had appeared only mildly interested in the brawl, decided it was time she restored peace. On her way to Mr. Blue's side, she unscrambled Pumpkin and Sporty, disposed of Junior by tossing him through the fence, and nipped Stinko when he made to follow his brother. By the time she reached the other two dogs, Fella had lunged at Mr. Blue, missed him and was trying for a second hold. Relying on the unexpected, Sheila yanked the bone from Mr. Blue's mouth and walked with it to the lawn, knowing that no gentleman would even think of attacking a lady.

Sporty was the first to leave the field of battle, then Pumpkin with his two sons headed in opposite directions.

For a while, Mr. Blue and Fella waited for Sheila to drop the bone. When she did not, Fella, with a final growl, trotted away.

"And you, you . . . panhandler," I said to Mr. Blue, "get into the house."

Our Visitor

By Iva M. Johnson

WE named him Mike, because somehow the name fit. He was a big dog and he showed definite German Police features, but his ancestry was well-mixed. We have not seen Mike but once, but we'll always remember him.

My husband and I were enjoying a quiet evening. He was reading a book he'd brought home from the library and I was doing some mending. Outside it was a bit cool, and we had a low fire going in the fireplace. The door knob rattled. We looked up expectantly. Some neighbor calling, we thought. We heard the lock click and the door was pushed slightly ajar. My husband said, "Come in."

We saw the black nose of a dog push the door wider. He stood motionless and looked askance. I was startled and for a moment fear held me. My husband said, "Well, sir, where did you come from?"

Mike trotted across the room, sniffed at both of us, then dropped on his haunches before the fire. He watched the flames dance merrily in the fireplace and every now and then turned to look at us; eyes friendly and tail wagging slightly.

We discussed where Mike could have come from. He didn't belong in the neighborhood, of that we were sure. We didn't know what to do about him, but he seemed so harmless and friendly that we decided to see what would happen. Later we learned that Mike had visited our neighbor on two previous occasions. But no one seems to know where he comes from or to whom he belongs. He is sleek and well-fed.

Ere long our visitor began to nod. He stretched full-length on the throw rug, almost covering it. My husband returned to his book and I to my mending. Mike slept peacefully. Once he raised an eye-lid and cocked a sleepy glance toward me.

When it was almost ten o'clock, my husband switched on the television to get the news and the weather. Mike raised his head, scrambled to his haunches, yawned sleepily and stretched to a standing position. He glanced about, wagged his tail, trotted to the door and indicated that he wanted to go. We watched him. He kept turning to look at us and then at the door knob. Evidently, he wanted the courtesies of a guest because he waited patiently until my husband opened the door for him. Mike trotted into the darkness. We have not seen him since. But as the autumn nights are growing more cool, we hope he'll pay us another visit. The night latch is off just in case.

•

We saw a black nose push the door wider.





Peck was a hero, and we owed our lives to his bravery.

A Fishing Trip with Peck

By George Preston Moore

MY collie, Peck, loves to go fishing with my two nephews, age eight and ten. We like to row out to the center of the lake where we live and fish, while Peck stretches out on the prow of the boat and watches. For some reason the dog always seemed afraid of the water, and the few times I had tried to get him into it, had met with violent resistance. I believe that the only reason he was so eager to go along on our fishing excursions was because of his fondness for Chuck and Bob.

One Sunday in late fall, though I was against it because of an overcast sky, we went out to the center of the lake. We had no sooner dropped the anchor when a strong wind came up and I decided we had better get back into shore. Fate decreed otherwise. While I hauled the anchor in, the wind suddenly rose to near gale force, the boat began to rock violently, and before any of us quite realized what had happened, we were in the water.

I managed to find both boys, hauled them to the overturned boat, and shouted for them to hold on as best they could.

The situation was desperate. Neither of the boys could swim and I was afraid to leave them and go for help, yet I knew we couldn't hold out long. Peck paddled around the boat, barked once, and headed for shore. I couldn't blame him, he couldn't hang on, but I was afraid he would never make it to dry land.

I said a little prayer and tried my best to keep the boys afloat but the bottom of the boat was slippery and, after what seemed hours, I was becoming weary. Just when I was about to give up, I heard a shout and looked up to see a boat bobbling toward us. Standing in the prow, sopping wet, his weary head drooping, was Peck.

They told me later that he had come ashore, made straight for the only other occupied cottage on that side of the lake, and nearly tore the place apart getting the occupants attention. With the rising storm, and the distance to the center of the lake, they couldn't see us, but Peck had run to their boat, jumped in and refused to budge. Knowing something was wrong, they set out to look for us with the dog guiding them.

Animals Survive Death

By Eugene Bertram Willard

ANIMALS lovers, drawn together by a common hope that death is not the end, can find consolation that many eminent scientists, prominent clergymen, authors, poets, have affirmed that man's friend, the dog, as well as other animals, survive the grave. No human soul was ever shrunk because of a belief in animal survival of death.

In the opening of Bishop Butler's "Analogy of Religion" he considered the so-called lower animals as capable of a future life. And, writing of the passing of a favorite spaniel, the poet Southey wrote:

*Ah, poor companion! When thou followedst last
Thy master's parting footsteps to the gate,
Which closed forever on him, thou didst lose
Thy best friend, and none was left to plead
For the old age of brute fidelity,
But fare thee well. Mine is no narrow creed;
And He who gave thee being did not frame
The mystery of life to be the sport of merciless
man.*

*There is another world
For all that live and move—a better one!
Where the proud bipeds, who would fain confine
Infinite goodness to the little bounds
Of their own charity, may envy thee.*

Inscribed on the monument on my beloved Queenie's grave in Hillside Acre Small Animal Cemetery are the words, "She had a soul and will live again."

Cruden says in his "Concordance" that "the Scripture ascribes to beasts a soul," and it is certain that "the breath of life was in all animals." In the opening of Bishop Butler's "Analogy of Religion," he considered the lower animals as capable of future life. We all know that animals reason and we also know that reason asserts the immateriality of the thinking process, and the certain possibility of its existence when released from its earthly environment. Reason also demonstrates that as far as human knowledge goes, nothing in the universe is annihilated, not even an atom of unconscious matter. Why then should we suppose that the soul of a faithful dog is annihilated? Does not reason affirm the more than probable immortality of a creature capable of a Merciful God? It seems to be demanded, by the bewildering inequalities of animal life on earth. Certainly the unfinished justice apparent in our world where so much heartrending cruelty abounds asserts the necessity for animal immortality.

Flight Number One

By Martha Dunnick

THE robins returned early this spring, during the first warm spell. I was looking for them, but I didn't expect to see the very same pair that were here last year.

They knew the way home to the maple tree a few feet from my window. I saw them carefully inspecting the old weather-beaten nest that stuck to the tree during last winter's storm, also the feeding tray on my window sill.

They seemed to be arguing about that old nest. Mr. Robin had brought some new material to fix it up a bit, and as soon as he went for more, Mrs. Robin got real busy, and by the time he returned, there was no nest. That old nest didn't suit the lady. A new nest she intended to have.

Mr. Robin knew there was no use in arguing with a determined lady anyway, so he flipped his wings and went on a hunting trip. From then on Mr. and Mrs. Robin were very busy.

A nest was urgently needed now, due to time wasted in arguing; but by fast team-work they managed to have the new nest ready, not a day too soon either. It suited Mrs. Robin exactly for the nice blue egg the next morning, and three more just like it later.

Mrs. Robin was tired. Besides, those eggs had to be kept warm, so it seemed to be the right time for her vacation.

Mr. Robin was strutting from one limb to another of that maple tree, very proud of himself.

Well, very soon he did have good reason to feel proud. He was the father of a brand new family, and in no time at all, four little heads were popping up for attention.

Food is what they wanted every minute of the day. It kept Mr. Robin busy to bring enough, but he was equal to the task (having learned all about family duties last year). Mrs. Robin left the feeding problem entirely to him, while she kept the babies warm. She needed a little more vacation anyway. In a short

time the babies were fully feathered and were hopping all over that maple tree.

One morning a loud commotion among the birds woke me up. I hurried to the window. Mrs. Robin was standing on the wall nearby, scolding terribly, flapping her wings and looking toward the maple tree. I looked over and there were the four young birds out on a limb in great distress, crying and flapping their wings rapidly, when suddenly Mrs. Robin let out her final "Do as I tell you" in a voice that had to be obeyed. Then she spread her

wings and left.

There was only one thing to do. They quit the crying and fluttering about, then lifted the new little wings and were off on Flight Number One, going in four directions, like the spokes in a wheel. The first few feet were downward, but they quickly learned the secret of flying, just in time to avert a crash landing. Mrs. Robin had been circling around, waiting, and they all flew away together. When evening came they all returned to eat and sleep.



Mrs. Robin left the feeding problem entirely to her husband.

Quirks of



Nature

It is not often that one finds freaks among wild flowers, but this mayapple certainly is one. Normally the flowers appear at the apex formed by the two umbrella-like leaflets. This one appears on the stem of one of the leaflets, approximately two inches above its normal location!



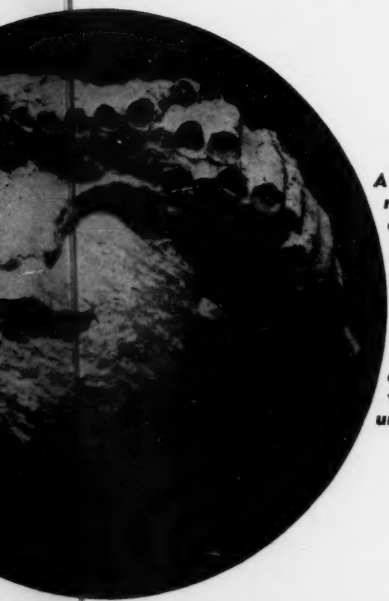
Everyone knows that driftwood comes in many odd shapes. This one is growing on a dead chestnut tree trunk.



Approximately sixty years elapsed before this sight came to pass. Obviously a farmer attached three fence-wires to a small horn beam sapling, then forgot to remove them. Whether the wires grew into the tree, or whether the tree grew around them, is of little importance. The remarkable thing is that the wires are still in existence after so many years!



There is really nothing strange about a cliff swallow's nest, but the underside of a barn overshoot is an unusual place for one. What is even more unusual, is the fact that here it was not necessary for the birds to build a roof over the nest, as they normally do when building on the side of cliffs.



A bald-faced hornet's nest is not especially exciting, but that depends on where it is located. Here a family of hornets determined to build their nest right on top of an abandoned paper wasp's nest! A most unusual phenomenon.

Photos by Larry J. Kopp

In Ricketts Glen State Park, located in northeastern Pennsylvania, this birch tree is fighting with a huge rock! How did it happen? One logical guess is that the spreading roots grew larger and larger, loosening the soil around them. Winds, as well as flood waters from a nearby stream, slowly carried the soil away.



many odd shapes and sizes, but finding a "swan" chestnut tree is something else again.



The Department Store Dog

By Margaret L. Lepper

"FLUFFY" was just a mongrel dog, but for two years she was the beloved mascot of the William Doolin & Company department store employees; also employers! Regardless of weather, hot or cold, snow or rain, she made her way every day to "work." Her mistress dressed her up in lovely fresh ribbon bows for each day, and she was so proud of them. She would seemingly smile knowingly when people remarked: "Look at the dog

with the pretty ribbon!" And she was pretty. She was big and blonde-white, with a heart big enough to love everyone who gave her a kind word. She had the run of the store, but spent more of her time in the bookkeeping office which she seemed to think belonged to her. She guarded it well. It wasn't wise for strangers to enter without permission.

She loved to ride and to "show off" her several tricks; besides shaking hands she

could sneeze when she wanted special attention, roll over, sleep on her back with all four feet up in the air, and her favorite trick was saying "Mama." Her owner had spent many long hours teaching her to say it. There was no mistaking what she was saying for anything other than "Mama." But after we had persisted in her repeating it too many times to suit her, she'd give one big "MAMA," and then promptly settle down to sleep or just to look disgustedly at people.

She was treated to dog bones and shared lunches with the various "girls." One of the girls even brought her a small jar of milk right from the farm after we discovered she didn't like pasteurized milk. She had her own dish for water and knew where it was. Every afternoon she went for a short walk and then hurried back to bark at the door "I'm here! Let me in, please." Then she'd trot to the office and put her head on my knee. When I'd say, "Yes, you're a good girl!" she'd drop with a thud to the floor to sleep until 5:30 when she was taken home by someone.

She never walked home from work. Always one of the girls would see that she had a ride, and she'd wait for her ride, jumping into the back seat and sitting up so proudly until we neared her own home. There she would scramble down to meet her mistress, with a wag of her tail which seemed to say, "Until tomorrow. . ."

But all things had to end. Fluffy was old and her owners decided that Fluffy must go to sleep; a well-earned sleep. But she left behind a great big empty space which has never been filled.

Because of her and our fondness for her, we fixed up a little box and labled it "Fluffy's Memorial Fund for the benefit of the S.P.C.A., Angell Memorial Hospital, Boston, Mass." Friends, beside employees, dropped in their donations, and we wound up with money enough to buy forty yards of unbleached cotton, which we sent to your organization.

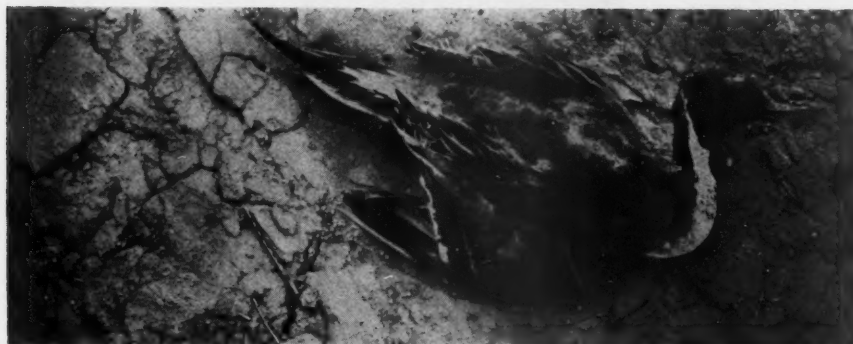
So the love and kindness which this little dog inspired in all those who knew her will continue to help others.



She had a heart big enough for everyone!

Ducks, Dust and Death

By David Pierson
and David Ryan



Doomed by dust.

THIS is a story unhappily reminiscent of those told during the Dust Bowl Era of the 20's. It concerns a flock of ducks and geese that were literally smothered during a dust storm a few springs ago, in one of our great western states. Dave Pierson, himself, was a witness to the destructive effects of the storm and counted many of the dead waterfowl. The pictures appearing with this article were taken by him. The unfortunate birds had landed in a water hold that resulted from melted snow in a wheat field. They apparently could not fly in the face of the storm, so were forced to remain, doomed by dust that clogged their breathing passages. When found, after the air had cleared, the space between the bills contained a chunk of caked mud about the size of a man's little finger. This unpleasant sight was mute testimony to man's folly; his unwise use of the land.

How did unwise land use result in such unnecessary destruction of life? The answer lies in marginal land use, or rather in man's often vain attempts to use it. This land received just enough rainfall each year, 15 to 16 inches, to produce certain crops. Grass will grow readily on marginal land. It will hold the soil and reduce the rate at which moisture evaporates from the soil. However, during a year when the rainfall is adequate and winds of extreme high velocity do not develop, wind erosion will not cause excessive damage. But, when the normal winds occur in league with dry springs and blow over plowed lands, disaster can result. Man cannot effectively *combat* the weather and climate; but, if wise, he can *cooperate* with the elements. The Soil Conservation Service will provide recommendations for land use of value to farmers. The men of the Service are high-

ly trained specialists and their knowledge and experience should not be taken lightly. Our soil was thousands of years building up to a fertile condition; but, because of climatic conditions, some land areas are of questionable value as farm lands and should not be farmed. These lands are better left as grasslands. This is the case of the marginal lands mentioned.

The presently diminishing numbers of



A pond sheltered this Mallard and Canadian Goose when the dust storm occurred which suffocated the fowl and turned the pond into a graveyard. Bill Davis and Bob Finch hold the victims.



Land destroyed by man's disrespect.



Marginal land as it should be left.

our native waterfowl cannot contend with situations that add to their depletion. The vast marsh-land drainage projects have reduced their breeding grounds to a comparatively small area. Hunting pressure has endangered many species. Unless man begins to take stock of, and have respect for, soil, water and wildlife, our grandchildren may inherit a land far short of being desirable, let alone ideal.

Ever taken a good look at your pets in their sillier moments? If you had, you'd say they were:

Just Showing-Off . . .



Enjoying the limelight is a cat who loves to strike a pose. It's not really the busy keys of the typewriter that fascinate him, he's just pretending. He doesn't like to have his picture taken, so this was snapped when he wasn't looking.



"Nancy" recently celebrated her eleventh birthday with ice cream, cake and dog biscuits for all her guests. She lives in Providence, Rhode Island and belongs to Agnes Bateman.



Even when he has to s-tr-etch, "Davey" finds nothing quite so enjoyable as looking at himself. It's not really vanity, "Davey" loves to show-off. He belongs to Erma R. Tait of Prince Edward Island, Canada.



Carlo rides to Town Cove on Cape Cod perched on the bow of his master's boat. Just showing-off? Maybe! Carlo belongs to Dr. Kattwinkel of West Newton, Mass.



Dusty and Cricket are usually fast friends, but when someone comes along they put on a good facsimile of a boxing match. Performing, of course! They belong to Edith Free of Yarmouth, Maine who says she never tires of their antics.



Fudgie and Yum-yum, the cat, love to have their picture taken together. Illy McFall of Darlington, South Carolina, says they often curl up together on a small bed she has for them, but only when someone's around to watch!



YOUNG READER'S

My Dog

By Lisa Harris (Age 8)

*I have no dog but it must be
Somewhere there is one that belongs to me.
A little chap with wagging tail
And soft brown eyes that never quail
But look you true and true and true
With love unspeakable but true.*

*Somewhere my doggie pulls and tugs
The fringes of my mother's rugs,
Or with the mischief of a pup
Chews all my shoes and slippers up,
And when he's done it to the core
He wags his tail and asks for more.*

*Somewhere a little dog must wait,
It may be at some garden gate,
With eyes alert and tail attent,
You know the kind of dog that's meant,
With sudden yelp of glad delight
To bid me welcome home tonight.*



My Girl Tiger

By Ann Marie Reed (Age 13)

I DO not know when Tiger was born. For I first saw her when she was a few months old. She was a stray. When I saw her I knew I had to have her. Everyone who saw her told me to get rid of her, that she was a sickly animal. I kept her in a big box on the back stairs. I kept a heavy cloth over half the box. I had friends who helped me to feed her by using their money. It was a few weeks later when my mother finally decided to let me keep her. She appeared quite stupid at first. Because she never came in at night, she slept outside somewhere. She comes in at night only if I went out and called her. After a while I found out where all her favorite spots were. After we moved half a block away she learned to come in at night and go out. After a few months Tiger started following me. I named her Tiger because I thought she was a male. Boy, were we surprised one morning when we traced some squeaking to Tiger's kittens. I love her very much and hope she'll be with me a long long time.

My Dog Mickey

By Marion Franck (Grade 5)

MICKEY is the name of my little brown and white dog. The name is not very suited to it because it is a girl. She is, as I call her, an old lady for she is ten years old and the fastest I have seen her run is about the speed of when I skip. She likes everybody. Mickey barks when the phone rings like some other dogs. But then different then other dogs when my mother takes a nap she sees that the whole family is quite. She is quite, too.

Muffin, Pipes and All

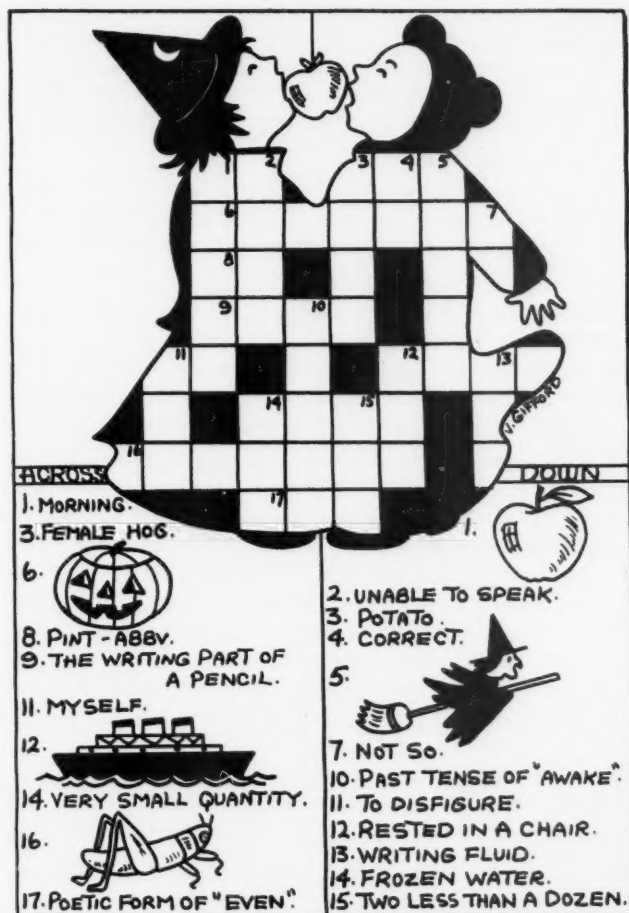
By Susie Dunn (Age 11)

WE live in a house in the city. I have a dog and a cat. Muffin the Cat loves Winnie the Dog very much and sometimes she bothers him too much! I sleep on the third floor with Winnie, and Muffin sleeps in the kitchen. Right by her bed are some hot water pipes going up to my room. In the morning when Muffin wakes up she scratches the pipes to let me know she wants to come upstairs!

One day when she was two months old and had just come to live with us, she stuck her head through the banister rungs and she almost fell. My heart sank. But she was alright, and now every day when I go downstairs, she sticks her head through, as if to say, "Ha, Ha. Look at me!"

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE: (Across)—1. A.M. 3. Sow. 6. Pumpkin. 8. Pt. 9. Lead. 11. Me. 12. Ship. 14. Iota. 16. Cricket. 17. Fen. (Down)—1. Apple. 2. Mure. 3. Spud. 4. O. K. 5. Witch. 7. No. 10. Awoke. 11. Mar. 12. Sat. 13. Ink. 14. Ice. 15. Ten.

PAGES



Where Is Freckles?

By Ruth Fujiwara (Age 12)

IT was about six years ago when our dog Freckles ran away from home. This was the first time this had happened. We all became very worried since he did not come home that evening. We thought something terrible had happened to him.

Freckles was my sister's responsibility so she did her best to find him. The first thing she did was to advertize about it in the Denver Post. She also called a radio station.

During the week we received a telephone call from a man who thought the dog he found was Freckles. He said he saw Freckles sitting in the cold snow so he took him to his home. He did a very good job of caring for him. So that evening after dinner the family went to his home and sure enough to our surprise it was our dog Freckles.

October 1958

In Memory of Buttons

By Sharon Bartlett (Age 11)

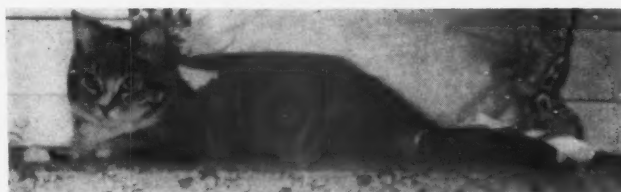
A cocker spaniel brave was he,
Bold and very dear to me.
Too bad he couldn't live to see
This Christmas season.
But there is a very good reason.
For he was hit by a car July 8th, 1955.
Oh, how I wish he was alive.

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EVEN YOUR PETS WILL LIKE IT!

Big and Little



THESE two pets belong to Cyrus Comminos of Pepperell, Massachusetts. The grown-up cat (above) relaxes after his dinner, while Felix (below) spends his time washing up.



The Clever Rock Cony

By Henry H. Graham

WHILE walking along a leafy forest trail in the far West I came upon a shale rock slide. Thousands of rocks lay on top of one another, leaving good-sized openings between them.

Suddenly, I saw a tiny gray shape emerge from between two rocks, and an animal about the size of a very small chipmunk sat motionless on a flat stone. This was my introduction to the Rock Cony, one of the cleverest, shyest and nimblest of all the wild creatures.

Hiding behind a quaking aspen tree I watched the little fellow. He scampered about in the hot, dry summer air. Finally, he ran to a clump of green grass, bit off a few stalks and ran swiftly to my left over the rocks. There was a little mound of wild hay drying in the sun. All around were other tiny haystacks. I knew, of course, what the Cony was doing. He was gathering food for winter. Well I knew how snowy, cold and long the winters were in that mountainous region and the Cony did not want to go hungry. Once winter set in he would stay in his den among the shale rocks, not emerging until spring came with its soft, warm breezes, its wild flowers and succulent, sweet grass. Then there would be more food for him.

For at least an hour I studied the Cony, watching him make many trips to the green grass and back to his mound of hay. Then, as the shadows of late afternoon stole over the countryside, he evidently decided to call it a day for he disappeared among the rocks and never did come out while I was there.

Often in the future I returned to the shale rock slide to watch the Cony and his relatives and friends gather grass. The stacks grew bigger as summer advanced. Just like any good farmer they made hay while the sun shone.

At last the grass in the stacks was thoroughly dry and brown. How good it would taste deep underground when the cold winds blew! Already the chill of autumn was in the air; it was time for the hay to be stored. Altogether I spent several hours watching the little animals working like beavers. In a matter of two weeks they carried every stalk of the dried grass into their dens. They would not go hungry, I felt sure. Somehow it did my nature-loving heart good to realize that the little animals were well provided-for, and I could not help thinking how wonderfully fine it would be if all human beings planned for the future as they did.

Naturally shy and defenseless the Cony is hard to get acquainted with. Being so small he is an easy prey for such creatures as owls, hawks, mink and coyotes. So he has to be eternally vigilant lest he be captured by some larger denizen of the wilds.

Several years after my introduction to the Cony I did manage to get on fairly friendly terms with one of them. I was camping near a shale slide in a very lonely, quiet place in the hills. Not far from his den among the rocks I would hold forth a tempting bit of grass. But at first the Cony would have nothing to do with me. Once he was frightened into his home by the ominous shadow of a circling hawk overhead. But I was persistent. The next day I tried again to make friends with him. He advanced a few quick steps toward me only to retreat and disappear. The next day he ventured a bit closer. Finally, to cut a long story short, he actually came right up to me and snatched the grass from my hand. After that he became increasingly bolder. He knew that I was a friend and would not harm him. But he knows it pays to be careful for he has many enemies.

An interesting creature, indeed, the Rock Cony.

Religious Dog

By Daniel E. Wood

OUR dog is a tiny Chihuahua by the name of "Pudgy." He is very religious-minded. We usually have our family devotion around four in the afternoon. When this happens he settles himself in my lap and listens as we read a chapter or so in the Bible, and have a prayer. But here is the odd part.

As soon as the last word of the Lord's prayer is said, Pudgy gets off my lap and leaves the room. Another odd thing is his respect for a table blessing. When my wife starts to say the blessing, Pudgy leaves the room. As soon as the blessing is finished, he returns. We have never found the reason for this. He can't be fooled by us, for if we bow our heads and my wife simply says words instead of the blessing, he pays no attention at all. But let her go into the regular blessing, he then leaves the room.

When Pudgy spots a fly in the house, he first runs to one of us and barks out a warning. He then runs to his saucer of food, and starts to gobble it up. He doesn't want the housefly to eat it. He barks until one of us gets the fly swatter. He is then satisfied.



He settles himself in my lap and listens as we read the Bible.

TO OUR FRIENDS

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Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

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Junior Humane Society Membership Cards	—	12c	\$1.00
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